THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1468.

Choice Poetry.

OLD MEMORIES.

Old Memories! old Memories!
What power can charge their airs!
How close they cling around the heart,
How dearly cherished there!
How often we will rest awhile
The cup of promised bliss,
And gladly turn us to the past,
To mingle with happiness!

Let others boast of coming joys,
And tell how brightly shine
Their hopes of future happiness—
Be Memory's pleasures mine,
I would not lose the recollections
Of one good action done,
To wave in the brightest wreath of Bliss
That Fancy ever spun.

Old Memories! old Memories!
As lone they rise around the heart,
How sadly sweet their tones!
How often we will rest awhile
As Memory, faithful to her trust,
Brings other scenes again,
To set their very truthfulness
In glowing array of light!

Oh! who would lose the memory
Of childhood's early day?
Would not be a mother's fondness,
A father's care away?
A friend, that loves us for ourself alone,
A sister's smile to cheer,
A brother's voice to bless us,
Where can we find these?

Where can we find the smile
Of welcome, and the kind caress,
That Fancy ever spun?
Where but around the fireside,
Where but around the hearth,
Where but in the Holiness which
Is found in Home on earth?

Old Memories! old Memories!
As lone they rise around the heart,
How sadly sweet their tones!
How often we will rest awhile
As Memory, faithful to her trust,
Brings other scenes again,
To set their very truthfulness
In glowing array of light!

There's more a light than to grow down
Around our pathway cast,
There's more a charm than can be penned in
The old register past.
Our memories are the mirror
That gives us back again
Each glowing picture,
Each bright and sunny scene,
Which we would have good from,
Or wish to see again.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA C. EMBURY, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF MELANCHOLY."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORM.

The storm is most nearly over the sea.
The clouds have thunder-mutterings done,
And lightnings have ceased to be.
In scarcely with the widowed song
Of Moore.

Happy had gone to her chamber to write a letter to Hagar's mother, which was to be the last. Some time had elapsed since she had received a letter from her, and she was anxious to know the reason why she had not written. She had, in fact, written two letters to her mother, but had destroyed them both, because they were filled with complaints against her husband, and she knew that they would distress the excellent parent of the house, so much that she would be unable to write to her for one or two days; and as Hagar had promised to return on that day, she thought it best to wait and see whether she would not be able to write a more cheerful letter. The first was written before Hagar had received the letter which informed her of the misfortune of Mr. Wilmot, and the second before she had received the letter which informed her of the misfortune of Mr. Wilmot's family. The first was written in the bitterness of her heart, and the second in the fullness of her joy at the prospect of her husband's return. She had just finished the latter, and was folding it, when she heard the sound of carriage wheels, and looking out of the window, she saw that the carriage which contained Hagar and Mrs. Wilmot had arrived at the door. She hastened down stairs, and upon the first landing-place met a waiting-maid, who informed her that Mrs. Wilmot had been taken suddenly ill, and upon this information she had gone to the parlor, where she found Hagar and Mrs. Wilmot's daughter, Miss Wilmot, who had been at school in the city, and they had returned together. Mrs. Wilmot was lying upon a sofa, and appeared to be very ill indeed. Happy was shocked at the appearance of her friend, and immediately inquired what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing much, I hope," replied Hagar, who had already recovered her self-possession, and who was now busily engaged in chafing the hands of her mother; "only a little faint, I believe, from the heat of the day, and the fatigue of the journey. Mamma, dear, you will be better presently, when you have had a little rest."

"Oh, I am very ill, my child," said Mrs. Wilmot, in a faint voice, "very ill indeed; but I am glad that I have seen you once more, and that you have heard the news from your own lips, rather than from a stranger. Where is Mr. Happy?"

"Here I am, madam," said Happy, who had followed Happy into the room, and who now stood at the foot of the sofa, gazing upon the pale face of Mrs. Wilmot with the most profound sympathy. "Here I am, madam, and I hope that you will soon be better."

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Wilmot, faintly; "I am very much obliged to you for your kindness to my daughter, and I hope that you will excuse me for not having thanked you before. Hagar, my child, you have told Mr. Happy all that has happened, I suppose?"

"Yes, mamma, I have told him all," said Hagar, "and he has been very kind indeed. But you must not talk any more now, mamma, dear, for you are very ill, and you must be quiet. Mr. Happy, will you please to ring the bell?"

Happy rang the bell as he was desired, and a waiting-maid appeared, who was followed by a footman, who was sent for a physician, and Mrs. Wilmot was then carried to her own chamber, where she was undressed and put to bed. Hagar then sent for Mrs. Happy, who immediately came to her friend's assistance, and who also sent for a physician. Mrs. Wilmot was then bled, and after the physicians had left the house, she fell into a quiet sleep, which lasted for several hours. When she awoke, she was much refreshed, and she expressed a wish to see Happy. He was accordingly sent for, and he found Mrs. Wilmot sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, and looking very much better than she had done in the morning. She received him very kindly, and thanked him for his attentions to herself and daughter, and then requested him to send Hagar to her. Hagar soon made her appearance, and Happy then left the room, and went down stairs to the parlor, where he found Mrs. Happy and Miss Wilmot. The latter was sitting upon a low ottoman, with her head resting upon the lap of Mrs. Happy, and she was weeping bitterly. Happy had given to her the letter which announced the misfortune of her father, and she had been overwhelmed with grief at the intelligence. Happy had also given to her the letter which Hagar had written to her mother, and which had been left unfinished, and she had read it with deep interest. She had also been informed by Happy that Hagar had received a letter from her father, and that he was coming to the city to see her, and she was anxious to see him, that she might express to him her sympathy for his misfortunes, and her admiration of the noble conduct of his son. Happy had also told her that Hagar's husband was expected to arrive in the city on the next day, and that he was coming to take his wife home with him. This information had caused her to weep more bitterly than she had done before, for she knew that Hagar would not leave her father in his present distress, and she knew that she would be left alone in the house with Mrs. Happy, who was a very disagreeable companion to her, and who had always treated her with coldness and neglect. Happy had also told her that Hagar had written to her husband, and that he had received a letter from him, which had been left unfinished, and that he had gone to the post-office to see if there was a letter from him in the mail which had arrived that morning. Miss Wilmot had also read the letter which Hagar had written to her husband, and she had been much affected by the kind and affectionate manner in which she had spoken of her father, and she had also been much pleased with the delicate manner in which she had alluded to her own misfortunes. She had also been much interested in the account which Hagar had given of her husband, and she had expressed a wish to see him, and to thank him for his kindness to her friend

pleasure. Think, we are under the same roof, sit daily at the same table, talk to church yards every Sunday, visit together, read together, ramble together, my twin-brother," said she, endeavoring kindly to soften the cruelties of this cheerless abandonment. "Is he we are so happy! alas! don't speak of it, don't let us become a bone of contention. No, and Mrs. Withers rather tenderly, more gravely, "my darling, better-thinking Mr. and Mrs. Withers can't be the very idea I have of my husband." "Come, my girl, wild stuff implied like the explosion of a squib.

Raymond folded his long fair hands together and fell into thought. "Let her be rich!"

"Hagar, I have always heard, read and dreamed much about the *maddening* love of woman, but I was little of it in you—little, little!"

"Have I want of confidence—is if that! Perhaps it is," said the girl, seriously. "I who terrible fear to risk life, limb or good opinion; I fear, oh! how I do fear to lose the affection of one who loves me; I fear to be too much with them; to ask any thing of them; I feel as though I would always rather serve them than receive every gift from them. Raymond, young as I am, I have already suffered so much from wounded pride and love, I know you would not readily believe this, but oh! listen—the first thing I loved in this wide world was Sophie; the first thing I remember was sleeping on her bosom, every night with, her sweet breath on my cheek; I do not remember she spoiled me, I was always with her, she was devoted to me, absorbed in me, until a new embryo appeared—a sister! oh! but, Raymond, forgive me, I suppose it was all right, only I did not comprehend it, and when I was scolded and pushed off, I slept all night, wounded all day, and then when she continued to neglect me, and when after the arrival of Romilly, all the child specters in the house and in the neighborhood left me altogether, and clustered around Rosalie like bees around a clover blossom; well, Raymond! perhaps it was my nature after all; I was made to be loved for my heart and to animate for my companions, I consoled myself for the want of affection, and while I could I grew really independent of it! my heart was as high and strong, I did not care for love—and yet I loved others in a half contemptuous right myself way, but I asked no sort of return, indeed I think it would have annoyed me; but now, Raymond! now I love you and I have your love and I tremble—I tremble lest I lose that also, no heart has been steady to me, no human heart I mean up to this time (it remains to be seen whether it will be, Raymond)—no human heart, I said—my position, Rosine and Romulus have been, and my girlish errors will be. Do you love me, Raymond, by the way, why I called my two favorites Rosine and Romulus?"

"I guess you thought, butter girl, that the fate of the two pour twins cast out to the wild to be tamed was not unlike that of little Hagar rocked upon the tree tops."

"You, that was it."

"My dear Hagar, you must forget these things, it was unmanly of us to remember them—forget any unhappy feeling, most cruel to remember them against dearest Sophie, whose mild life has been one offering for others."

"I do not remember them ever. I only recall them when forced to the recollection, and when I have to account to myself or to you for some strange trait foreign to a young girl's character, and then I recall them without bitterness as fact, not as injuries."

"Then, Hagar, love," said he, "I am now perfectly serious in what I am about to say. I must either marry you very soon or lose myself and you from you. Hagar, through the influence of one of my father's old friends, I have been offered the situation of attaché to the new embassy to the Court of Madrid, they and in three weeks from Monday's. Come, Hagar, shall I go?"

Hagar was silent.

"Listen, Hagar, all I ask of you is silently to shake remain three or four years—shall I go?"

Hagar's lips turned holier to the lover.

"Hagar, I am very weary of entirely, love me! I must either marry you or tear myself away from you! one or the other! and soon! Come! which shall I do, Hagar?"

"We are very happy as we are, remain with us, this is your home, stay, you shall have as much of my company as you wish, the more the better; I will give up all my other and minor events when you can not accompany me, I will do anything in the world to gratify you—forget and married—oh, not yet."

He jumped up—it was strange to see the gentle and graceful Raymond exhibit so much emotion.

"Not yet." Oh! for heaven's sake do not drag the cataract on these two silent syllables any longer, Hagar, I am getting restive under it."

Then he stepped down into his seat again with a sigh, saying,

"Bear with me, Hagar, it is not often that I am impatient, but indeed, my wild love, you are a trial now and then, Hagar. I shall write and accept that situation, I shall make preparations for my journey, and in two weeks from this night I shall leave Heath Hall to join the embassy that will not be over soon from that time. I shall, too dearest Hagar in that time places her little hand in mine and leaves me with the care of her future happiness—may I?"

"Well, Raymond?"

"What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"Ungentle! Unreasonably?"

"Perhaps so ungentle, so unreasonably to be able to make you happy, Raymond?"

"Hagar?"

"Well?"

"Had girl! what do you act in this way?"

"What way? I beg you to remain with us, I promise you to do everything to make you happy, except marry you; and you should rest content, especially as I wish to marry no one else."

"But why? why?"

"Because I am afraid—afraid!" and the girl.

And then she arose and washing him good night hurried into the room. As she passed in, a pale figure accompanied her through the grounds.

"Gusty!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Gusty!"

"I did not know that you were here."

"I have been here for half-an-hour. I paced right through the grounds, but you and Raymond were too deeply engaged in conversation to hear me. Preventing my description, I would not interrupt you, I came in here and hence down with feelings and stunned with despair, Hagar, for I first words of your conversation betrayed the state of affairs between you and Raymond. I threw myself upon the sofa and there I lay until I heard you arise and enter the house—don't be disturbed, Hagar, I only heard the few words as I passed through the piazza. I would not, you may be assured, have heard the word if I could have avoided hearing, and the words I heard were provokingly they have been good for me, they have stunned, benumbed my senses into a sort of peace. Well, Hagar, what is it to come off?"

"What, Gusty?"

"You know—your marriage with Raymond?"

"Gusty, I am not going to marry him."

But Hagar walking but a good sight fled up the stairs to bed. And Gusty, to avoid Raymond whom he had not the power just now to meet in Romilly manner, Gusty having ascertained that Sophie was not visible, slunk out through the back way and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous.

PENNSYLVANIA VERSUS CALIFORNIA GOLD.

It is the boast of pleasantly that the present is a utilitarian age; the age when competition has robbed to romance, and things are valued according to their solid practical worth, as they ought to be, and not the mere glitter of a superficial poetical character. But philosophy misleads us as well as boasts; and whatever the approach to business of the world towards economic improvement, it is quite certain that the great multitude yet prefer the golden fancy chasing phantom or butterflies, grasping at attractive prizes, pressing onward towards the splendid enchantments and allurements of distance, regardless of a knowledge of substantial treasures, visible but homely. Instinct, not for that reason unreliable, which lies under their feet, and are of more worth by far than all the objects they pursue. We make, as our fathers made, a great many false calculations about the value and spoils of the East; but compare their value with that of the potatoes—even the pig—raised in our first class country in the Christian province of the globe, as the United States, and we shall perceive their actual inferiority of value. To seek for fortunes at home, we have, and continually, a very lively idea of the value of the home in earlier crop, without being disposed to remember the genuine value of the home crop—for millions upon millions of bricks annually manufactured and scattered in building up the growing cities of the land, for the same reason that men, even in Pennsylvania, are so much excited about the California gold mines, striking a pitiful amount of perhaps three or four—or more—millions of dollars a year, while an little serious thought, comparatively, is given to the Pennsylvanian placers—the mines of coal and iron—from which we extract, under the most indifferent circumstances, more money than the Sacramento will ever supply, and from which we might obtain, if the proper enterprise generally evinced it, larger annual returns than are yielded by all the gold and silver mines in the world. How much eagerness to learn, at every arrival from California, how the gold-washing comes on there, whether it is productive or unproductive—how little curiosity among us to know the state of affairs at the mines and furnaces, and whether they are doing a profitable or unprofitable business in the Americas.

(a) The German call a tarantula a *huge-bee*, and a gnat a *hand-other*.

WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

The following "last advice" of Peter the Great to his successors upon the Russian throne, is attractive reading about these times:

To the Archbishop and the most learned Theologists, Trinity, etc., Peter the Great, sets all my descendants and successors to the Throne and Government of the Russian nation.

The All Powerful, from whom we hold our life and power, has been pleased to bless us with the wishes and intentions, and after being our supporter, has been pleased to open from us to call us to establish her rule all over Europe. This action is based upon the fact that all the nations of this portion of the globe are in full expectation of a state of utter decrepitude.

From this it results that they can be easily conquered by a new race of people, when it that attacked will power and strength. We look upon the present time of the War and Fire as a decree of Divine Providence, which has already once regenerated the Roman Empire by an invasion of barbarians.

The emigration of men from the North is like the inundation of the Nile, which, at certain seasons, enriches with its waters the arid plains of Egypt. But this is not all. In small number, we leave it an immense river. Our successors will make it flow also and to extend to include the whole of Europe, if they know how to guide its waves. Waves it will be, indeed, the following circumstances which we earnestly recommend to their constant meditation:

1. To change the Russian nation in constant warfare, in order always to have good soldiers. Peace must only be permitted to them to rest and to recruit the army. Choose the moment favorable for attack. Those persons who are ignorant of the secrets of war, and war those of peace, for obtaining the enlargement and prosperity of Russia.

2. To advance, as much as you can, by all means, from the civilized nations of Europe—captains during the war, and ministers during peace, and which Russia may benefit by the advantages of other nations.

3. Take care to men in the affairs of all Europe and in particular of Germany, which, being the greatest nation by its power, exercises the greatest influence.

4. Divide Poland by raising up continual disorders and internal troubles with its bosom. Gain over the nobility, and with gold; and corrupt the Diet, in order to have a vote, the election of which they will make partisans, and protect them; if neighboring opinions are to diminish with her character, under unhappy circumstances, and want of proper guidance. She is to be ruled over by nobles, and blamed. Wait in the patience, dear reader, and have faith in the author, as we have.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

Our readers will find in the following the most important details of the news by the Niagara.

The following is said to be one day's later intelligence by special telegraph to Cape Race, 18 hour of the steamer's departure. We give it for what it is worth.

La Presse states that the capitulation of the Hungarian General, Gorgey, is to be attributed to the influence of English agents, and that the terms of the surrender were discussed and arranged on the 11th instant between Gorgey and Haynau, who had made to that city. This submission," says La Presse, "is not, as stated, unconditional, but is to be followed by a treaty of peace, and capitulation, skillfully conducted by Great Britain. The Hungarians will be treated as subjects of an equal contract, and at the same time to deprive Russia of every pretext of participating her way beyond her own frontier."

Letters from Constantinople of the 2d instant announce that the Emperor returned yesterday, and it was expected that more details of the Turkish ultimatum to Austria, as well as of the Baltic. This is necessary for the entire success of our projects. Hasten the fall of Peshawar. Open the frontiers to the people of the Persian Gulf. Re-establish, as much as possible, the Empire of the Greeks. Take possession of the Levant, and thus advance toward India. Once there, you will not require England's aid.

Remember the Testament of Peter the Great, and never make peace with Sweden; and to effect this, isolate her from Denmark, and vice versa. Be careful to foster their jealousy.

6. Marry Russian Princes with German Princesses, multiply your family alliances, for your interests; and, by the increase of our influence, establish supremacy in our cause.

7. Seek the alliance of England on account of our commerce, as being the country most useful to the development of our navy and commerce, &c.; and for the exchange of our produce against the manufactures of Europe, and the maintenance of her merchants and sailors, so that ours may acquire experience in commerce and navigation.

8. Constantly interfere in the affairs of Sweden, in the shores of the Baltic, and the borders of the Ocean.

9. Do all in your power to approach closely upon Constantinople, and first Indian. Encourage that by who rules over these countries in the real sovereign of the World.

Keep up continual wars with Turkey and with Persia. Establish dock-yards in the Black Sea. Gradually penetrate into the interior of Turkey, and by all means, if possible, the Mediterranean

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

PHILADELPHIA.

Rev. James Dixon, D. D., of England, in his "Narrative of a Tour through a part of the United States and Canada," gives the following description of Philadelphia:

We reached the Delaware into Pennsylvania, and travelled up its eastern bank to Kensington, and thence to Tacony. This town is six miles above Philadelphia, where we embarked on board a steamer, and reached the city by water. The scenery was most magnificent; made so by the breadth and variety of the river, the banks being rich, fertile, varied, and well cultivated, and decorated, studded with excellent houses, and beautiful mansions and villas. There stood the Quaker City, peering towards skies as bright as those of Italy, forming on the bosom of a country as fertile as imagination can conceive; bordering one of the finest rivers and bays in the world; enjoying and giving a rich and varied commerce; increasing, and rather than spoken, but best Beacon was a gentleman in appearance and manners. But because he found himself unable to defend some him a grudge; so in one of his Conference speeches, he called Beacon a "learned fool," alluding to a pig that was then passing through the country for a show. Beacon took no notice of the offensive epithet, but in his next speech the next day. In his easy style, said he:

"Mr. President, members spend much time in debate to no purpose, and a great deal is said in a manner that I cannot but think is very unbecoming. I am not disposed, sir, if a brother, for the word of unbecoming letter, were to call me 'a learned pig,' there would be no argument in it. And, sir, if I, on return, were to call him a great hog, there would be no argument in that. Sir, as I must say comment."—*Barton Glass Record.*

Miscellaneous.

PROPOSED INDUSTRIAL CHART.

It is proposed by Mr. Skinner, the talented and persevering editor of *The Plough, The Loom, and The Anvil*, to the suggestion of a number of friends, well known for its materials of the very interesting chart which we are informed he is now about to be taken—a series of maps, which will exhibit in a single view, and in a manner new to the subject, all the information that the census can furnish. In other words, to present the census-tables in a shape that will be at once easy of reference, of figures, as a chart, after the fashion of Lieut. Maury's "Sailing Directions," and which the resources have been rendered to practical purposes. The information which the census will furnish, in whatever part of the ocean he may be, the experience with regard to winds, weather and currents, which he has met with, and which he has been in that part of the ocean before, but the results of this information have never been collected and published in a form to be generally available. It would be quite as easy, it is argued, to present the census-tables in a shape that would enable the charts in such a manner as to show the bearings of each class of facts upon all the rest, as it is to present the facts themselves in the form of tables, or the views of one man to such a manner as to be subject to the criticisms of all comprehended at a glance. Mr. Skinner proceeds:

To illustrate the plan of an industrial map such as we propose: Let a chart of the State of New York be taken relative to the density of population, to the value of agricultural products, to the average value of lands by counties, and the like.

Take a map of the United States, and draw on it lines of equal density of population, and lines of equal

Selected Poetry.

A RECOLLECTION.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

"Our chairs among the dead—the dead!
I saw not funeral pass,
Earth gives me heartsome a viewal:
Clay, weeds and tangled grass.
There were a few—a large few, I ween,
Old friends and kindly folk,
That walked—senior equals!—behind the hearse
My best friend almost broke!

That sunny morn—oh, Heaven! the scene
Comes fresh upon my eyes;
The mountain church, the mossy green,
The lowering, heavy sky;
The friends—though sad and sorrowful,
Old ones! I see now they shed
The grave is nothing new to them
Whose hearts are worn and dead.

And did I weep? No—not a tear;
Mine eyes refused to flow;
I wish those recollections would weep,
They say it eases woe.
I wept before I took that stand
Behind the churchyard gate;
They came—and now the mingling gold
Her coffin's lowest plate.

The coffin sunk, the dreary vault
Recovered its silent gloom,
They prayed! my heart could raise no prayer,
I was hearing it my friend.
They passed, they passed; I shrunk convulsed,
For why should strangers see
To follow to the vault their friend?
What business had I there?

But when their footsteps passed away!
When through the silent place,
My sight, my pangs alone were heard!
With slow and tottering pace,
I came, and threw me on the grave,
I kissed, and kissed again,
The turf that held my generous clay—
I had no wept ill then.

And set then gone, my beautiful!
Oh, death's a fearful thought,
It unravels the living of life
That loved, and laughed, and wrought,
In thousand spells of use and use'n,
No more to speak, to move
Cold, cruel death! it crushes all,
Even you—undying love.

Historical Sketch.

THE FATE OF THE TONQUIN.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE OREGON FUR TRADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE ILLUSTRATED BUSINESS POST, BY H. G. CHIPMAN.

In the year 1810, Mr. Astor, of New York, engaged in the land scheme of establishing a number of trading posts on the Columbia River, in Oregon, its tributaries, and along the shores of the Pacific, also on the head waters of the Missouri, with a factory at the mouth of the Columbia. His plan was to send goods from New York by sea to the factory, to be exchanged for furs, which he intended to trade overseas to China, and exchange them there for silks and teas. In execution of this project, he fitted out a large vessel called the Tonquin, with men and guns, and such articles as might be needed at his ports in Oregon. This ship was commanded by a man named Thorn, who might have understood the management of a vessel; but he utterly failed to know how to treat savages to the best advantage, at least the kind he was to encounter's universe. He was very impatient under any provocation, and flew into a passion in a moment if anything happened to go wrong with him and his crew, often abusing them for trifling offences, and thus pleasing himself in no very pleasant relations to the worth his own.

The mouth of the Columbia, according to all accounts, must have a very frightful aspect, and it is represented as having very extensive and bars at its entrance, a bar that will always dismunish the value of that river in a commercial point of view. The vast volume of small bones down the river, is thrown back by the constant swelling of the sea, and thus becomes a serious obstruction in the way of vessels that would enter the Columbia.

The Tonquin met with delay, difficulties and danger at this place, and was compelled to stand about four days several days, while boats were sent to sound the bars, and find a channel of sufficient depth to allow the ship to pass over. The Indians interpreter, per chance, conversing along the coast, informed the Captain of this fact, and warned him to be upon his guard against the treachery of the savages, for being a man of obstinate will, and one who fail things in his own way, he landed upon the island, and opened a trade with the Indians.

He had expected to make great bargains with the savages, but having before dealt with some French traders, and thereby learned the better value of their skins, they demanded a heavier price than Thorn felt disposed to give, and he returned on board the Tonquin grumbling and disexhibited with his bad success.

The Captain was pacing up and down his vessel's deck, in the most moody imaginable, when the interpreter approached him, and told him that he had better because of the tribe on shore, as they were plotting with him and put his crew to death.

"Let them try it," was the careless reply, "and they will meet with a different reception than they calculate upon. I do not feel afraid of an attack from them."

They are exceedingly treacherous and hostile, and Shuttong, their chieftain, is a shrewd and cunning warrior," urged the interpreter.

"I have heard enough of your prating about dangers and surprises," exclaimed Thorn, in a heated tone, "and I don't want to hear any more of them. I can manage the affairs of my own ship without any of your assistance," and turning away he went into the cabin.

The interpreter walked quietly to the forward part of the vessel, and as he stood leaning upon the taffrail, gazing into the sea, a hand was inheavily upon his shoulder, and looking up, he beheld Lewis, the steward of the ship, standing beside him.

"What were you telling Captain Thorn?" he asked.—I thought I caught the word savages, as I passed by you."

"He no speak more," answered the Indian.

"White chief no like to hear me speak."

The interpreter had assumed the gutteral, half-spoken sounds of the English language, and seemed inclined to say no more.

"The Captain is cross and ill-natured," continued Lewis, "and one who has you told him."

"No, me no tell more," said the insulted savage relapsed into silence, and the steward in vain endeavored to get anything more out of him.

Lewis stood near to the centre of the ship, and thought bitterly of the situation of the crew and the vessel. The course of the Captain had been harshly condemned by him, and he well knew that a majority of the men were entirely dissatisfied with the brutal and tyrannical conduct of Thorn. Thoughts of a tender passed through the mind of the brave seaman, but his mind strayed from such a hostile course, and undecided what to do, he concluded to retire for the night, and act the next day as circumstances might decree.

The next morning Thorn was upon deck by daylight, and was surprised to discover a large number of canoes loaded with savages approaching the Tonquin. But very slight progress was made in water, and neared the vessel, he saw that they were each filled with furs, and his cupidity was roused at once to obtain them; but his mind strayed of the late bargains they wished to make the day before, and were coming to sell on the same terms his own offer. In a few moments they came along-side, and mounted up the side upon deck, each carrying some of their furs with them. Among the rest was Shuttong, the head Sachem of the tribe, who came on with a pride suited to rank.

Upon making proposeurs to them, Thorn was greatly enraged to find that they asked the same price as they did the day previous, and indignantly refused to purchase them.

"White chief no pay much for skins—me tell him fix nothing—me give him pale face chief," said Shuttong, following the Captain to and fro across the deck, and poking a skin which he held in his hand towards the enraged officer.

"Begone," cried Thorn, in a rage, "or I'll kick you overboard. Don't be so long your furs or pay face, you red scoundrel."

"My give him fix white chief, him no able to pay for him skins—take him for square," and Shuttong threw the skin at the feet of Thorn.

The latter of the quick-tempered Captain grew livid with rage at this act of the Sachem, and springing forward he seized the savage by the back of the neck, and giving him a push from him, he kicked it up by kicking him overboard. The enraged commenced between the water, and a devilyell rose from a hundred warriors, as they made demonstrations to attack the ship, but the chief instantly rose to the top of the waves, and was dragged into a canoe by some of his men.

In the meantime, the infuriated Captain, reckless of all consequences, ordered his men to drive the rest of the Indians from the deck, and they were hustled unceremoniously over the sides of the ship, and several of them were severely injured by the hasty fall into the canoes.

When Shuttong was safely placed in the canoe, the savages started for the shore, and a gun or two which had been run out by the Captain's order, was considered as the cause of this extraordinary haste to land. The interpreter, who had grown with fighted men, and revered the brave seven, now once more approached Thorn, and told him the Indians would certainly revenge the outrage they suffered their Sachem, and advised him to weigh anchor and sail from the port.

But the sunnese officer paid no attention to the warnings of the interpreter, but again insulted him by telling him that he was afraid of savages in his own affairs, and that he thought the savages had learned a lesson that would prevent them. The interpreter rather urged the matter, as he knew well the character of the savages, and the danger they were subject, but Thorn finally ordered him to be silent, and declared he did not fear an attack from the Indians.

Thus silenced, the interpreter became sullen and silent, and said no more to the rash and self-willed Thorn.

Another day passed by, and when morning came again, five or three canoes came off from the shore, and approached the ship; and some of the Indians ascended on board, informed Thorn that they would sell him the furs at his own price, and cordially bartered away those which they brought with him for little or nothing, in exchange for goods.

Gradually more boats came alongside, all of which were filled with savages, and bartering went on better, but stronger to say, none wished any article of trade or exchange, and the ship's deck presented nothing to give such bargains as enabled them to make enormous profits.

Once more, and for the last time, the interpreter spoke to the Captain, warning him to beware of the Indians, and telling him that they were only chasing the knives to murder him and his crew. With no such, the Captain laughed at his fears, and all of the savages, three or four hundred in number, to climb up on the ship's decks, and continued to supply them with weapons, until each one was armed. Some hostile demonstrations which were about this time made, however, caused the Captain, and he gave orders to push out from shore; but this was not done the word and the first gun yell was raised upon deck by Shuttong, which was responded to by hundreds of voices, and with knives, war clubs and other weapons, the battle commenced the work of slaughter.

The first was fell was Lewis. He was engaged in bargaining over a bale of blankets, when he received a shock from the sight of a spear upon his back, and he was cut down by the savage with a tomahawk. Mr. McKay, another of the crew, who was seated in the tafferal, was knocked into the sea with a war club, where he was set upon by the women in the canoes, and fatally dispatched.

The interpreter, Captain Thorn, though taken completely by surprise, made a desperate and gallant resistance against fearful odds. Calling on a reckless and quick-tempered man, he was also fighting his way to the cabin companion-way, when the deck without arms, save a clasp-knife stuck in his belt, he was compelled to fall back into the cabin, rushed upon him, but, with a single blow. Thorn laid the savage dead at his feet, and was comfortably armed by several pistols and muskets. Towering up amid his host of enemies, he fought like a madman, and as the sight spread him, strewing the quarter-deck with dead and wounded, and gaining his way towards the cabin, where he had free arms, but which he was deemed never to reach. For a single instant everyone on board the vessel, in the midst of blood, he found on the tillers wheel, when a tall savage struck him from behind with a war club, and fell dead upon the deck, where he was instantly dispatched with knives, and loosed overboard.

While this was transacting on the quarter-deck, a medley fight was going on throughout the ship. The first man who fell was Lewis. He was engaged in bargaining over a bale of blankets, when he received a shock from the sight of a spear upon his back, and he was cut down by the savage with a tomahawk. Mr. McKay, another of the crew, who was seated in the taffrail